

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloodie paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace Coosin, say no more.
And now I will vnclasse a secret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to or'e walke a Current roring lowd
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowle a Lion, then to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heauen methinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corriuall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend,
Good Coosen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he shall not haue a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would saue his soule, he shall not,

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no care vnto my purpose
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*
Forbad my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*
But I will find him when he lies a flatterer
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be tau
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you Coosin, a word

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Buckler*
And that same Sword and Buckler
But that I thinke his father loues him
And would be glad he met with fortune
I would haue him poysoned with a

Wor. Farewell Kinsman, Ile talk
When you are better tempered to

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongue
Art thou, to breake into this woman
Tying thine eare to no tongue but

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipp
Netled, and stung with Pismires, wh
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his
His vnckle *Yorke*, where I first bow
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*
Zbloud, when you and he came back

Nor. At *Barkly* Castle.
Why what a candie deale of curtesie
This fawning Grey-hound then di
Looke when his infant Fortune can
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind C

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